A

POETICAL ADDRESS

TO THE

LADIES

OF

BATH.

SHOOT FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

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TO THE

LADIES.

IT is impoſſible for any perſon to be an unconcern'd ſpectator of the diſputes ſubſiſting in that ſociety in which he wiſhes to live and hopes to die. When the Author found his efforts for concord ineffectual, his next concern was, how far YOU might be concerned in the general calamity. He conſidered you in three degrees. As wives, or maidens, there was little apprehenſion that you would interfere, either yourſelves, or by improper proxies. There was too ſtrong a preſumption that the married ladies would leave the management of their affairs entirely to the hands of their huſbands;—that the maidens would, for obvious reaſons, at any rate, decline buſineſs: But the widows, being not under ſuch reſtraints, might, with juſtice, be more tenacious of their rights;—and tho' they may not be able to do their own buſineſs, will certainly inſiſt on

chuſing

chuſing their agents.—At all events, it was adviſeable to divert your attention. What nobler tranſition could the author make from the Upper or the Lower Rooms, than to the improvement of the grand ornament of both?—In the proſecution of his deſign he met with two great obſtacles,—Abundance, and Deficiency.——If he was puzzled in the choice of a Patroneſs, from the great number of worthy objects, how much greater were his difficulties from a total want of any characters depraved enough to ſerve him as a foil. It was with the greateſt pleaſure he found himſelf under the neceſſity of turning Fabuliſt:—And as he could not paint what *does*, has ſhewn you what in this frail compoſition of our nature *may* exiſt. Happy will he be if the performance ſhall prove acceptable to you,—without whoſe influence, to all Individuals, and Publics, upper, lower, or middle,—life muſt be a burthen.

The AUTHOR.

TO

EUGENIA.

O Thou who here reſtrain'ſt my further flight,
Condemn'ſt to darkneſs, or preſerv'ſt in light,
In whom 's contain'd the ſum of man's deſire,
Whoſe virtues temper, and whoſe beauties fire!—
The Muſe, in ſearch of ſomething juſt and true,
No longer heſitates, but ſtops at — you.

Firſt turn with me thy radiant eyes around,
And take a ſurvey of the public ground,
Obſerve the ſexes, ſee the general ſtrife,
The youth of either ruſhing into life:

Mark IPHIGENIA, ſo young, ſo fair,
Her form half naked, with a mind as bare;
The ſmile of conſcious beauty in her face,
The ſtep of invitation in her pace:
Had ſhe thy prudence, would ſhe grin and ſtare
At every fool—of whom ſhe ſhould beware,
With all that inſipidity of face,
For affability miſtake grimace?
Would ſhe, with ſympathetic ſhrugs, promote
The wretch who ſhames the ſplendor of his coat?
Would ſhe exert the utmoſt of her ſkill,
To ſhew the company ſhe can't ſit ſtill,
Unleſs when Billy Dimple ſimpers out—
Upon my word—indeed, Miſs—without doubt?
Had ſhe thy dignity, each flutt'ring elf
Would ſhrink to nothing—or, what's worſe—himſelf?
Ah! IPHIGENIA, be thou more nice,——
The paths of vanity may lead to vice!

Thine is an age when few know what they mean,
Too ripe for childhood, yet for wives too green;
When ſchool intrigues, and youthful follies, yield
To the bright conqueſts of an ampler field,
And launching forth with every riſing grace,
To reap the harveſt of a new fair face,
(A face which may remain for ever new,
Not made a ſurfeit to the public view)
With every charm and virtue at her call,
What ſhall we ſay if IPHIGÉNIA fall?

Mark SACHARISSA ſhouldering thro' the preſs,
In all the gaudy inſolence of dreſs;
Dullneſs ſupine, conſpicuous folly, ſit
In every cloudy feature of this—wit:
She takes a ſpirt in every diſpute,
Bright for a moment, for an hour a mute;

Some praiſe her ſilence, but the reſt can ſee
She lies in ambuſh for a repartee.
A Female Wit is at the very beſt
A ſilken vehicle for flimſy jeſt:—
A Widow's troubleſome; when married, pert;
A Wife's an inſolent; a Maid's a flirt.

But hark! methinks far other ſounds I hear,
More pleaſing accents ſtrike the happy ear,
From ſome who join to unaffected eaſe
No leſs deſire than a power to pleaſe;
Whoſe converſation keep an even pace,
Diſſent politely, and accord with grace;
Chearful with prudence—is their conſtant rule,
For ſuch is H------N, and ſuch is P----.

Some years ago the Belle of Belles came down,
And drove like lightning thro' and thro' the town;

To

To captivate exerted every art,
But ſtill deficient in the mental part;
Her face leſs charming as 'twas more expos'd,
Her circle melted, and her triumphs clos'd;
Alone in company, a veſtal yet,—
Her beauties fading, and her ſun juſt ſet,
She wedded—led a miſerable life,—
By far too fair and fooliſh for a wife:
In youth a flirt, a gameſter in her age,
And will be wretched 'till ſhe quits the ſtage:
Deſerted, ſends her antidated card,
Gives tea by quarts, and ſcandal by the yard.

Beauty allied with merit ſuch as thine,
By ſtrong compariſon will ſtronger ſhine,
And every mirrour that's expos'd to ſight
Strengthens the rays of its reflected light.
Lull'd by a fooliſh faſhionable dream,
Mayſt thou be never hurry'd down the ſtream.

Who

Who with opinion decks another's ſleeve,
Of liberty and ſenſe at once takes leave;—
At faſhions laugh, at faſhion-mongers too,
For if enſlav'd be ſure they'll laugh at you.

Many there are who, tho' they're bold and loud,
Meet with contempt in each politer croud;
In vain for conſequence they look and call,
In vain they buſtle, and in vain they bawl,
Spight of their efforts to be heard and ſeen,
Some native meanneſs will intrude a ſcreen.
Theſe in obſcurity muſt live alone,
Or elſe create aſſemblies of their own.
But ſuch as You, by all are underſtood,
To be the property of public good;
In larger circles, to no party join'd,
Be ſuch examples ever unconfin'd;—

O never

O never tread that moſt unſocial path,
The *private Parties*—are the bane of Bath.

What miſchiefs dwell in woman's tongue and eyes,
What ſwift deſtruction when a lady lyes!
Once on a time the ball was at a ſtand;
Two youths contending for a partner's hand:
Inconſtant Chloe, fickle as the wind,
Unthinking Chloe had juſt chang'd her mind,
To merit blind, ſhe only broke her word,
A coxcomb got her, and then drew his ſword.
All eyes were fix'd upon a livid face,
Whilſt groans diſturb'd the pleaſures of the place.
Chloe the whole unfeeling diſregards,
Pronounc'd it ſhocking; then—ſet down to cards.
But canſt thou, Chloe, when the time ſhall come,
Which brings thee near the univerſal doom,
Devoid of terror, as before of ſhame,
Reflect how ill you've play'd life's youthful game?

Too fatally convinc'd it cannot laſt.
Dread what's to come, and would recall the paſt.
Follies and vices, and to crown the whole,
The weight of murder ſhall o'erwhelm thy ſoul.

Forth from her toilet, like a fiend from hell,
SEMPRONIA comes,—that antiquated belle!
Paſſion with her ſtill keeps the upper hand,
Unleſs when paſſion does her pence demand;
Pleaſure and Avarice, in her we ſee
Go hand in hand, and perfectly agree.
To court ſhe waddles thro' the rain and plaſh,
There with her hoop conceals her huge calaſh,
With two long wallets hung on either ſide,
From London ſhe procures a weekly ride;
In eleemoſynary coach ſhe bowls
To Ranelagh, and filches tea and rolls;
Two quarts of wine and cuſtard, at the leaſt,
Fill her tin pockets at a Lord Mayor's feaſt.

At Bath a cuſtomer to every ball,—
But never yet ſubſcrib'd to one at all:
Will ſpend a penny where a pound ſhe'll ſave,—
A hack to pleaſure, and her purſe's ſlave.

Of manners gentle, liberal, and brave,
The good HILARIO was CALISTA's ſlave;
This reigning toaſt at Bath he ſaw, and lov'd;
She, undebauch'd by Fortune, then approv'd.
Occaſion call'd him, for ſome little time,
To quit his native for a neighbouring clime;—
Return'd, with ardour flew his love to meet,
With pride ſhe ſaw him proſtrate at her feet:
With pride ſhe ſaw him,—but with pride alone,—
For every virtue from her breaſt was flown.
Love in his abſence could not keep its hold,
Her heart was poiſon'd with a lump of gold;
Spight of his vows, his conſtancy, and truth,
With looks averted, ſhe beheld the youth.

He, only he, confounded and amaz'd,
For all but he could tell—her price was rais'd.
She, fooliſh, vain, intoxicated girl,
Saw in her dreams a viſionary Earl.
O may'ſt thou be ſome wretched Elder's wife,
And bear Nobility and woe for life!
Or grant, kind heaven, ſome mortifying ſtroke,
Thy features furrow'd, or thy banker broke!
Some peſt, to ruin ev'ry beauteous trace,
Some dire ſmall-pox to harrow up thy face!
O may it leave ſuch pregnant marks behind,
To make thy form as loathſome as thy mind!
No more the multitude ſhall then admire
A wretch, as callous as her callous Sire.

To all, indulgent heaven has aſſign'd
Marks of its love in body or in mind;
With this alone we ought to warm the heart,
And ſecond nature with our utmoſt art;

Nor,

Nor, by attempting what we can't attain,
Diſgrace thoſe talents which from her we gain.

PHÆDRA's diſcourſe with ſentiment's replete,
As well by Nature as by name ſhe's S---T.
The worthy AMAZON knows how to charm,
Stronger her virtues, and yet *ſtrong* her *arm*.
In muſic may enchanting B-R--G ſhine;
To guide the pencil, fair CLEORA, 's thine;
RIDOTTA dances, and CANIDIA ſings,—
While SAPPHO, arm'd with wit and ſatire, ſtings.
With wit, with humour, and with judgment grac'd,
With perfect elegance, and perfect taſte,
M—LL—R behold, in whom at once is join'd
The charms of perſon to the ſtrength of mind;
Her Lord and She together in their tour
Have cull'd the bloſſoms of each foreign flow'r,—
Here blown,—the Muſes, wond'ring at her ſkill,
Miſtake her Villa for Parnaſſus' Hill:—

Give

Give then the prizes from the ſacred tree,
'Till every candidate reſemble Thee!

'Tis ſprightly C—LB—NE's lively wit to boaſt,
And beſt to pleaſe us when we hear her moſt:
On every feature 's ſtamp'd ingenuous grace,
She bears her honeſt heart upon her face:——
In temper affable, ſerenely mild,
And, *miſtreſs of herſelf*——tho' lace is ſpoil'd.
O may theſe lines be honour'd with thy view,
How great their ornaments—if read by You!

In times like theſe, when all is ſo refin'd,
'Tis rude to talk to *Ladies* of the Mind;
Women there are who read ſuch lines as theſe,
Drawn for inſtruction rather than to pleaſe:
Ladies who read (for ſome few ſuch there are)
Will hardly think me worth their time and care;

But

But ſcan with pleaſure (laying this aſide)
The twittering jargon to the new-made bride.——
O bleſſed bard! from whom ſuch manna drops,
Work once again your way into the ſhops;
Publiſh once more your ſycophantic page,
Without one ſentence to correct the age;
Some future ſeaſon let us hope to view
A flimſy folio, compos'd by you;
Be ſure to tell us, 'tis not want of money
Which makes you celebrate each moon of honey;
Such mighty truths to you are only known,—
Such truths ſhould come from you, and you alone.
Quit for obſcenity both wit and ſenſe,—
Quit all that 's ſterling—but your Eighteen-pence.
When next you chuſe, in Hymeneal lays,
In happy ſtrains, to ſing the ſong of praiſe,
With flames of love your tinder fancy ſcorch,
At Folly's altar light up Hymen's torch,

And tell ſome ſwarthy Aſiatic pair
They'll be moſt happy, as they are moſt fair:
Such wambling nonſenſe from thy wambling brain
Has once rewarded you,—and may again.

Unhappy LAURA was firſt bought, then courted,
Sold to a villain from the Eaſt imported.
Beware of Nabobs, inſolent and bold,
As full of infamy as full of gold!
How many ſouls the arch adventurer won!
How many bought,—then damn'd them one by one!
He bought them dearly, but they ſerv'd him fair;
What voter could refuſe a *gilded chair*?
Six hundred thouſand was the Ale-Boy's price,
And half that money bought the Man of Rice:
The firſt ſo fond, ſo very fond of gold,
His wife deceas'd, her cloaths the varlet ſold:
One ſtarv'd his ſire, his ſiſter, and his brother;
Two million, at the leaſt, were ſtarv'd by t'other:

The

The Country two million Blacks the worse;—
But what are such a people to a purse?
Tho' Chiefs are murder'd, and their subjects drain'd,
It matters nothing—so rupees are gain'd.
See Taffy Smirk, that sattin thing of things!
Himself all tinsel, and his wife all rings;
She with a Duke's revenue on her back,—
He saddled with a debt of twice a lack.—
Such are the Nabobs—many are a bite,
With all the meanness of Sir Matthew Mite;
However large the sums they may bring o'er,
Armenian merchants may decrease the store:
Armenian merchants may deprive of bread,
And heap destruction on destruction's head.
Few from the East, like M—RT—N, bless our sight!
Like M—RT—N, sensible,—like him, polite:
And fewer still, like C—PM—N, do we see,—
Like C—PM—N honest, generous, and free!

Some

Some other time, when leiſure ſhall ſuffice,
To place your crimes at length before your eyes,
Each wretched object of European care,
Like Banquo's ghoſt, ſhall ſlip into *the Chair*.
Far other ſubjects now our time demand,—
'Till then, with ſafety, glitter thro' the land.

Come then, EUGENIA, let us go from hence,
And tread again the paths of ſolid ſenſe.

Crown'd with ſucceſs, beyond the reach of art,
How Nature opens every female heart!
Stripp'd by that handmaid of their gay attire,
The lovely puppets ſhew the wood and wire;
Single or wedded, every ſpring we ſee—
But Matrimony is the maſter key.

May I preſume, and yet not give offence,
To claim attention to plain common ſenſe;

Some

Some flying ſtrokes, to ſet my ſpleen at eaſe,
Muſt not diſguſt you, if they will not pleaſe:
Only proceed while ſimple truths ariſe,—
To flames condemn me if I ill adviſe.
May I but prove as pleaſing as ſincere;
Like H—ps—y, nervous, accurate, and clear;—
Like him, I'd wiſh my doubtful courſe to guide,
'Twixt dull ſtupidity, and letter'd pride;
Sharp, not too wounding,—lively, not too gay,—
My wit ſhould ſtrike where He ſhould point the way.

Say then, EUGENIA, to what point does tend
Each buſy ſcene,—and where is it to end?
The point in view is to become a Wife;—
That firſt, grand buſineſs of a woman's life!
Many then think the taſk of life is done;
But more diſcover, it is juſt begun.

The ſtates of marriage are in three expreſs'd,—
Inſipid,—wretched,—and ſupremely bleſs'd!—
The firſt, when prudent reaſons tye for life
A ſtupid huſband to a ſimple wife:
Two uſeleſs bodies, without meaning, join'd,
And juſtly call'd—the lumber of mankind;
Each lifeleſs ſoul an empty, barren waſte,
Without a genius, without a taſte;
Their every act ſo void of fire, or force,
That what they do ſeems almoſt done of courſe;
And having long miſus'd what Nature gave,
Grow fat,—get fools,—then, ſink into the grave;—
Who, when alive, ne'er knew one ſocial day,
And when they die, unheeded paſs away.

Sir Toby Supple was Simplicia's prize;
Was juſt, not fooliſh,—and was juſt, not wiſe;

He

He ſuffers much, to lead a quiet life,
Forſakes his home, his family, and wife,
Made up for marriage, as for ſale a filly,
She ſoon grew dirty, inſolent, and ſilly;
When well provided for, tho' rich, was mean,
And left off—being affable, and clean;
(As if a woman, when her fortune's made,
May leave off dreſſing, as men leave off trade;)
Catch'd in the trim, at two, in which ſhe roſe,
Meaſuring coals, or buried in foul cloaths;
A bed-gown looſe, ſo ſhort, her taile half bare,
Dock'd as obſcenely as a *pet-en-l'air*.*

Behold the heſitating idiot ſtand,
With rags and paper in each greaſy hand;
Bound in ſuſpenſe,—in doubt, to laugh, or cry,—
In doubt, to make a pudding or a pye;

* See the French ſignification of this very decent word.

In every ſtation a mere blank in life,
A careleſs mother, and a joyleſs wife.

There are who ſay, if rightly underſtood,
A ſtate of apathy's our greateſt good;
That thoſe who know it, always ſuffer leaſt;—
If this be true, how happy is the beaſt!
If this be true, Philoſophers muſt own
The height of bliſs is center'd in a ſtone:
But ſurely Heav'n, when appetites it gave,
Deſign'd enjoyments, as it taught to crave:
The thirſt of knowledge, Providence combin'd
With parts extenſive, and an ample mind;
With love of pleaſures exquiſite, unite
Organs, which give us exquiſite delight;
Ordain'd ſenſation, in a due degree,—
Man beyond beaſts, and beaſts beyond a tree.

Next,

Next, let us ſearch from whence our ſorrows flow,
And trace the ſource of matrimonial woe;—
In various objects, tho' the ſame our view,
Some favourite paradiſe we all purſue;
Whilſt all our faculties to this attend,
Too eager for the means, we loſe the end.
Some wed for wealth, and ſome for friendſhip try;—
Few wed for love, and more—they ſcarce know why:
Each gains the wiſh'd-for point,—but, not content,
Expecting more, are baulk'd, and ſo repent.
Should thoſe, whom wealth and indolence allure,
Should they e'er murmur, if they are not poor?
Or thoſe whom beauty catch, complain, to find
A handſome form contain a vicious mind?
With equal reaſon would our wiſhes hold,
To pay for gilding, and to hope for gold:
With equal reaſon might we ſearch in THEE
For pride, for folly, or for vanity.

Behold yon couple,—ſee the happy pair!
See MAMMON, ſwelling in his elbow chair!
Directly oppoſite, prepar'd for ſtrife,
That moſt atrocious Jezebel, his Wife!
Trifles, when urg'd, to conſequence encreaſe;
To gain a point, they both deſtroy their peace:
Warm to diſpute, with rancour fierce and dire,
Who'll uſe the chariot, or who'll ſtir the fire;
With equal heat, whatever is the cauſe,
Whether it be for ſettlements, or ſtraws,
For half a thouſand, or for half a crown,
A ſon's profeſſion, or a daughter's gown.
The children ſtare at what the ſervants tell:—
Themſelves two devils, and their houſe a hell.
Abroad, polite,—at home, in conſtant ſtrife;—
A dog the huſband, and a cat the wife.
And yet this man cou'd condeſcend to woo,
Cou'd tell how much he lov'd, and ſwear it too;

Talk'd

Talk'd like a fond, intoxicated fot,
Of charms, and anguiſh, and the Lord knows what.
She, too, impertinently ſmart and clever:—
Both thought this language was to laſt for ever.
Fool as he was to take ſuch wond'rous pains,
Made his own rod, and turn'd his ſpouſe's brains.
Of ſenſeleſs love this ever is the fate,—
Turn'd to indifference, and ſoon to hate.
Let all who wiſh a happy courſe to run,
At firſt begin, as they'd, for life, go on;
For ſhe who reigns (it is a general rule)
One month a goddeſs, is the next a fool.
Tho' I allow, it is no eaſy thing
To keep good humour ever on the wing;
For times there are, the languid ſpirits die,
And the ſoul ſickens, tho' we know not why.
When ev'ry faculty has loſt its pow'r,
Good ſenſe, alone, ſuſtains that evil hour;

For

For all our reaſon, all our ſtrength, it calls,
The wiſeſt ſtaggers, but the fooliſh falls.
This wants a name,—'tis ſomething juſt between
A man's ill-humour, and a woman's ſpleen.
In paſſion ever by the firſt ſurpaſs'd,
With too much feeling to be call'd the laſt;
Bred by content, ſatiety's its nurſe,
And peace, and quiet, only make it worſe:
Whate'er it is, it is a curſed evil,
Be it the ſpleen, the vapours, or the devil.

Many diſguiſe their weakneſſes with art,
Nor ſpeak, 'till 'join'd, the language of the heart;
Then, nor 'till then, they open by degrees,
Ceaſe to be pleas'd, and loſe the pow'r to pleaſe.
Yet woman, ſurely, is the greateſt cheat,
Train'd to diſguiſe, and practic'd in deceit:—
Man, unconfin'd, appears without reſtraint
A public ſinner, or a public ſaint:—

Women

Women in ſecret ſome their wills obey,—
Some ſin in private, all in public pray;
Scarce to each other, ne'er to us, reveal'd,
Some minds and perſons both alike conceal'd.

When ſkilful Mothers form the mind with eaſe,
And ductile Nature takes what ſhape they pleaſe;
When riſing charms, which innocence may kiſs,
Give the ſure earneſt of a ſweeter bliſs;
From girls with hearts all bounding at a ball,
Flatter'd by many, and admir'd by all,—
With nice inſtruction, thus, Maternal Care
Teaches the Daughter—how to catch an Heir.——
" My girls, attend!—the 'Squire dines here to-day;—
" Her's be the prize, who minds what I ſhall ſay:——
" Fear not,—the 'Squire, you know, is almoſt blind:—
" We'll hide defects of body and of mind.
" SALLY, be ſure you will contend in vain,
" Unleſs your frowns and temper you reſtrain.

" NAN, tho' I've padded both your ſtays and gown,
" Yet ſtrive to keep your hip and ſhoulder down.
" (Ten thouſand bleſſings on that worthy She
" Who firſt came hither in a negligee!
" Contriv'd œconomy to undermine,
" By ſome wry Ducheſs with a ſhape like thine;
" So looſe, ſo bundling,—it is hard to gueſs
" Whether it hides an arrow, or an S.)
" Tall and genteel, wear, SALLY, what you pleaſe,
" A Jeſuit, Brunſwick, or a Poloneſe;
" Cas'd in thoſe garbs, tho' fair, each ſhort fat charmer
" Looks like a mummy, or a hog in armour.
" But girls are now grown quite above direction,
" Nor even ſuit their colours to complexion;
" This, with a countenance as white as milk,
" To mend the matter, wears a ſcarlet ſilk;
" That, with her cheeks as if ſhe dreſs'd beef-ſtakes,
" To help the contraſt, a white bonnet makes:

" I vow,

" I vow, one ſcarce refrains to cry aloud—
" See the full moon juſt peeping thro' a cloud.
" Abſurdities ſo glaring all muſt ſee;—
" For dreſs, and conduct, be you rul'd by Me.
" But pr'ythee, NANCY, do not look ſo mild,—
" Ah! you're too tender for this game, my child;
" Away with love, 'twill bring you to a ſmicket,
" 'Twill never purchaſe you a ſingle ticket:
" But you, I fear, will feel his fatal dart,—
" Alas! I fear, my girl, you have a heart!
" I once was courted, and full well remember,
" To all, but wealth, my heart was like December;
" To each poor lover, ſenſeleſs as a log,
" Whate'er he was, I us'd him like a dog:—
" Should this rich booby ſome attention pay,
" With head averted, look another way.
" (Fools ſhould be always treated with neglect,
" The worſe they're us'd, the greater their reſpect;

" But men of ſenſe muſt not be manag'd thus,—
" The 'Squire's an aſs,—and he's the man for us.)
" SAL, if thy face ſhould make the bumpkin ſtare,
" Whilſt NANCY watches him, you bluſh with care;
" Such prudent conduct ſhall ſecure the game,—
" The loſer, in her turn, ſhall play the ſame:
" For if, thro' envy, you betray your plan,
" In vain you'll ſpread each ſnare to catch your man;
" For ſubtle ſchemers thro' each ſex you're blown,
" Dreaded by his, and laugh'd at by your own.
" Humble your looks, and modeſt your addreſs,
" Hope much, think more, talk little, and laugh leſs.—
" Now let me ſee who beſt will play her cards:
" But, above all,—be ever on your guards."——

This is the doctrine that the matrons preach,—
Theſe are the leſſons which your tutors teach:
The pretty creatures learn and practice young,
When they've the ſanction of a mother's tongue.

Of

Of all the ſpectres in the female dream,
Envy's the worſt to diſconcert a ſcheme:
Thee, good BELINDA, will that fiend purſue,
Nor even ſpare ſuch excellence as you;—
You, whoſe good humour can but match your ſenſe,
Who never yet could give the leaſt offence;
So very affable, ſo very mild,
So very ſmall,—but very big with child;
See with what rancour beauties beauties meet,
And paſs, with ſcorn, each other in the ſtreet:
See proud CORINNA on that lady frown,—
That lady wears a curious muſlin gown.
Why views NASINDA, with ind ignant eye,
That little ſempſtreſs who is paſſing by?
Can you not tell from what her ſpleen aroſe?—
That little ſempſtreſs has a little noſe;—
With twenty pea-green puppies at her tail.——
Why looks PALIDIA all at once more pale?

Cloſe

Cloſe by her elbow charming W-LT---RE goes;
Each lip a cherry, and each cheek a roſe.——
Why flaſh the lightnings from MYRTILLA's eyes;
What dire offences give her fury riſe?
Majeſtic W-LL-R, on the full Parade,
Before her face imperial charms diſplay'd:
W-LL-R, who raviſhes the eye and ear,
Alike admired when we ſee or hear.
E'en little Miſs her playfellow will plaſh,
Becauſe her bonnet 's grown to a calaſh.
Envy not only haunts our gayer paths,
But lurks beneath the flannel at the baths.

Much thoſe, who have or wiſh for Wealth, endure,—
Alike deſtructive to the rich or poor!
What great misfortunes money often brings!
What wretched woe from wretched av'rice ſprings!
Pleaſures at leaſt ſome qualities demand,
Spirits to taſte, or reaſon to withſtand;

By

By that compell'd, to joy we onwards preſs,—
By this, reſtrain'd from riot and exceſs:
Fooliſh, or wiſe, in ſickneſs, or in health,
Still there remains an appetite for wealth;
The ſimpleſt being woman ever bore
Is maſter of the art—to covet more.
See from the Eaſt the haughty Widow PLUMB,
Bleſs'd with a huſband once, beneath her thumb;
Three Lacks to poor Nobility ſhe gave,
Is now an out-caſt, whence ſhe was a ſlave;
Can ſhew, for all her former conſort's pains,
A *lack* of nothing—but a lack of brains.
What, MYRA, could thy father, and the devil, mean,
To yoke together ſixty and ſixteen?
GRIPE caught thy parent with his large rent-roll;
The other means to catch thy nobler ſoul.
Thy ſire has ſold himſelf, t' enlarge his treaſure,—
And Satan hopes to purchaſe thee with pleaſure:

To bid already does the fiend begin,
With jointures, age, adultery, and ſin.
But if from age ſuch rapid evils flow,
Ingratitude is no leſs ſure than ſlow.
Sir ANDREW's Lady was a precious gift;—
Mov'd with her ſighs, he took her in her ſhift.
If e'er ſhe thought her lover went aſtray,
All drown'd in tears, the nymph would faint away.
(Such genuine tears as flow from women's eyes,
When the world whiſpers, they have loſt a prize.)
At length he married her, to ſave her life,—
She gain'd an equipage, and he—a Wife.
At table now in pomp behold her ſit,
And ridicule her Lord, to ſhew her wit;
With nauſeous ceremony help the gueſts,
His portion ſeaſon'd with ill-manner'd jeſts:
To him ill-natur'd, inſolent, and pert,
Nor owns the hand which rais'd her from the dirt:—

A canting

A canting hypocrite,—a preaching prude,—
No Moorfields teacher ſo devoutly rude:—
A thriving gameſter, full of godly ſtuff,
Fraught with religion, lap-dogs, cards, and ſnuff;
Abroad impertinently free and bold,
At home at once a tyrant and a ſcold.
Loth to applaud, in ſlander always firſt,
By neighbours hated, by her ſervants curs'd:
(Happy it is, that children ſhe has none,
For if ſhe had, they'd ſurely be undone:)
Ordain'd at once to warn us, and perplex,—
The ſcare-crow, jeſt, and riddle of her ſex.

But how ſhould men avoid theſe hidden ſhelves,
When girls don't know each other, ſcarce themſelves?
EUDOSIA's gentle, ſenſible, and mild,
For which ROXANA us'd her as a child;
Nay, once a ſtranger gave to underſtand,
She was a perſon under her command;—

A wretched child,—the youngeſt of a dozen,—
A ſort of toad-eater,—an humble cozen:—
In public, knew her but when in the mood,
Very tyrannical, and very rude.
ROXANA thinks a woman who is meek,
Becauſe ſhe's humble, muſt of courſe be weak;
Can't reconcile humility, and merit,
And want of arrogance is want of ſpirit.
To this opinion ſhe now falls a martyr;
EUDOSIA ſhews her ſhe has caught a tartar,
Now the rich conſort of a worthy Knight,
EUDOSIA ſoars above ROXANA's flight,
Who, keenly ſtung with envy and repentance,
Would build her conſequence on old acquaintance,
Meets with contempt, and in her turn is ſlighted;
For little DOSHY is now grown ſhort-ſighted;
In vain ſhe curt'ſies, to be aſk'd to tea;—
Her Ladyſhip can neither hear nor ſee.

Wretches

Wretches like her, who would avoid her fate,
Should know their women, ere it is too late.
Thus anglers often in their game are out,
And catch a thornback when they fish for trout.
Ah, poor ROXANA! thou haſt loſt thy but,
Thy lips are clos'd, thy oracle is ſhut:
'Tis not thy waſhy water-gruel wit,
That ſnip-ſnap ſaucy pertneſs of a chit,
So very ready, yet ſo very weak,
As if you fear you'll loſe your turn to ſpeak;—
No, nor that heavy, rude, averted look,
By ſome for ſenſe and modeſty miſtook;—
Theſe cannot pleaſe,—and none but fools will hear;—
EUDOSIA lov'd you, pitied, and gave ear.
Leave off in time,—for ſure it 's time for you
Now, in your turn, to be a liſt'ner too.

Here let me pauſe,——to obviate offence,
And give my honeſt (if I've any) ſenſe.

First,

Firſt, muſt I grant the lovely Sex what's due,
To millions of examples good and true:
Next, let me beg each angry Fair would ſtop,
And look a moment in yon hatter's ſhop;
See how his cuſtomers around him flock,—
See how he claps each beaver on its block:—
This fits yon fellow, and that fits his brother,—
But never were deſign'd for one or t'other;
This likes the button, and that likes the brim,—
But yet the hat was never made for him.——
So if ſome characters ſhould chance to hit,
Should ſome imaginary beaver fit,
The fault muſt ſurely lie in thoſe who take 'em,—
I took no meaſure, but at random make 'em.
And once for all, where praiſe is not the theme,
The reſt is nothing but a poet's dream.

Two ſtates are ſung,—the laſt demands my pains;
The beſt, the pureſt of the theme remains;—

Yet

Yet one is left;—that one, ſo much admir'd,
By few accompliſh'd, tho' by all deſir'd:——
O *Happineſs!* for ever plac'd on high,
Beyond the reach, yet always in the eye;
Juſt gone before, or elſe juſt left behind,—
Seldom, how ſeldom with the preſent join'd!
Tho' true and perfect, here deny'd to man,
Yet, let us come as near thee as we can.
All univerſally agree in this,—
That thoſe muſt know the height of human bliſs,
Whoſe hearts united, ere their hands are join'd,
Taſte the celeſtial union of the mind:
Theſe ſtill may love, whatever ills they know,
In ſpite of ſickneſs, and in ſpite of woe:—
This ſure is bliſs, if bliſs on earth there be,
And ſuch the lot of CAROLINE and ME!
The gentle CAROLINE! whoſe milder rays
Shall gild the evening of our latter days;

Whoſe

Whoſe love and duty are her only guide.—
A huſband's gratitude her only pride.
Still let's preſerve that harmony divine,—
Still let that harmony be your's and mine;
Our only conteſt, who obliges moſt;
A large benevolence our greateſt boaſt;
'Till death—examples of a uſeful life,
That all may bleſs the Poet and his Wife.

—

For thee, EUGENIA, whoſe ſweet accord,
Whoſe kind acceptance is my great reward;
For thee, who firſt call'd forth this weak deſign,
From whoſe indulgent beams I hope to ſhine;
Teach me, like thee, to check a wretch in time,
Before he gets beyond the pow'r of rhime:
O let thoſe brows which now in arches riſe,
And cloath with dignity thy brilliant eyes,
To cruſh iniquity and folly join,
And frowns indignant ſecond every line!

Arm'd

Arm'd with thy graces, then, my happy page
Shall both adorn and rectify the age.
O bleſt with all that can thy ſex endear,—
A temper gentle, and a heart ſincere!
Rich in each bright perfection of the mind,
Yet to the failings of a ſiſter blind:
Good, without boaſt,—tho' virtuous, yet no prude,—
Polite, yet eaſy;—free, yet never rude;
Still may that Pow'r, which form'd you wiſe and fair,
Preſerve and guard you with peculiar care;
Be every ſeaſon happy as the paſt;
Be ſtill admired, as you were the laſt;
Soon the bleſs'd object of a worthy flame,—
But ſtill a H------N, except the name.

FINIS.

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